

# THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

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## CONTENTS

	Page
Life and Letters . . . . .	867
A Christmas Sonnet . . . . .	869
Pulpit Polities . . . . .	870
Keats and Venus . . . . .	871
Reviews . . . . .	873
The White Dove . . . . .	878
Meetings of Societies . . . . .	879
Correspondence . . . . .	880
Books Received . . . . .	882

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## LIFE AND LETTERS

At this season of the year we may well inquire whether children really prefer the new-fashioned "fairy plays," such as "Where Children Rule" or "Pinkie and the Fairies," to the old-fashioned pantomime, with its comic men and harlequinade. For our part, we have no hesitation in asserting that the average child's enjoyment of the new order of "fairy plays" has never been anything comparable with its enjoyment of the rough-and-tumble humour of a real pantomime. The truth is that productions like "Pinkie," the "Blue Bird," and "Where Children Rule," are not honestly designed for children. They are dragged to them by parents and relatives who are suffering from the modern cant disease of "culture," in just the same way as the children of another generation were dragged to church three times every Sunday by parents and relatives who were suffering from the then modern disease of "respectable religion." We make bold to say that if anyone puts a sovereign into the hand of any normal little boy or girl and permits the child frankly to choose its own entertainment, we shall find that it prefers "Aladdin" at Drury Lane, or "Cinderella," or "Little Red Riding Hood," at any other theatre, to all the "Peter Pans" and "Pinkies" that were ever invented. We never remember any child expressing a joy and delight in "Peter Pan" as children used to express a joy and delight in the late Mr. Dan Leno and the harlequinades of the late Mr. Harry Payne, although we are quite ready to admit that many grown-up people may quite conceivably prefer Mr. Barrie's phantasy to the humours of such comedians as we have mentioned. But it is well at Christmas for "grown-ups" to remember that what pleases or tickles a mature palate does not necessarily appeal to the tastes of children. It is also well to remember that what strikes the delicate minds of our dramatic writers as vulgarity may easily appear the merest forms of innocence to the children's minds.

The humours of such comedians as the late Mr. Leno or the present Mr. Wilkie Bard are far less harmful to children than the posturings and inanities which we witness in the modern "fairy play." Indeed, we regard

the production and advertisement of these plays, which have become a sort of cult amongst a large army of half-cultured mediocrities, as a really live danger to the children. The whole miserable business really dates back from the time when a certain Mr. Edward Cooper was sent by the *Daily Mail* to a pantomime at Drury Lane called "The White Cat." The next morning the *Daily Mail*, whose proprietors own such refined children's journals as *Comic Cuts*, *Chips*, and the *Union Jack*—the latter, it will be remembered, having been severely condemned at the Richmond Police Court—was found declaring in maudlin accents that "The White Cat" pantomime was vulgar. After this the whole matter dropped so far as the *Daily Mail* was concerned, for next year we found Drury Lane advertising largely in the columns of that journal. But from that date we find in almost every London daily newspaper dramatic critics of the "cant and culture" type bleating pathetically at Christmas time about the necessity of refining children, about the poetry and beauty of childhood, about the wistfulness and wisdom of the infant, and all the rest of the emasculated rubbish that we hear about such plays as "Pinkie," "Peter Pan," or the peculiarly foolish "Where Children Rule." If we go on steadily in this direction we shall refine childhood to a vanishing-point. We shall superimpose upon the state of childhood emotions that are abnormal and unhealthy. Against such deplorable consequences as these we appeal to the good sense of British parents. Would they rather have their children happy with honest laughter and fun than morbidly acquiring "the poetry, the wistfulness, and the wisdom" which appear to make so startling an appeal to the emotions of certain latter-day writers in our daily and weekly journals?

The egregious Mr. G. K. Chesterton has been contributing some verses to the *Nation* which we assume are intended to be written in a vein of satire. The subject of Mr. Chesterton's comic muse—and we think he might possibly have found a more suitable subject upon which to sharpen his humours nearer at hand—is Mr. Walter Long, whose good work in opposing Mr. George's Socialist Budget has sadly perturbed the brave hearts of Bouvierie Street. The verses in question are entitled "The Revolutionist," and are tagged on to a quotation from one of Mr. Long's speeches, in which he seems to have remarked: "I was never standing by while a revolution was going on." The sentence has been obviously dragged from its context, so we cannot properly judge its sense or significance. But we can well appreciate the sense and significance of Mr. Chesterton's drivelling verses. Here are two examples:—

"From his first hours in his expensive cot  
He never saw the tiniest viscount shot;  
In deference to his wealthy parents' whim,  
The mildest massacres were kept from him;  
The wars that dyed Pall Mall and Brompton red  
Passed harmless o'er that one unconscious head:  
For all that little Long could understand,  
The rich might still be rulers of the land;  
Vain are the pious arts of parenthood,  
Foiled revolution bubbled in his blood;  
Until one day (the babe unborn shall rue it)  
The Constitution bored him: and he slew it.

If I were wise and good and rich and strong—  
Fond, impious thought, if I were Walter Long—  
If I could water sell like molten gold,  
And make grown people do as they are told,  
If over private fields and wastes, as wide  
As a Greek city for which heroes died,  
I owned the houses and the men inside—  
If all this hung on one thin thread of habit,  
I would not revolutionise a rabbit."

We do not ourselves conceive what need or possibility exists for a revolution in rabbits, but we do most sincerely

wish that Mr. Walter Long, or some other person whose time is not so busily occupied, would, in the goodness of his heart, revolutionise Mr. G. K. Chesterton's satirical verses. Perhaps Mr. T. P. O'Connor, who has lately turned his attention to verse-writing, will oblige, on his return to England.

Mr. O'Connor has divided his time in America between raking in the dollars from American roughs for the benefit of the Nationalist Parliamentary Party and the somewhat larger task of discovering "America's New Race of Writers." Of course, all that comes Mr. O'Connor's way is grist to the mill, and we were in no way surprised to find from this week's issue of *T. P.'s Weekly* that he had stumbled upon an entirely new race of American poets during his adventures in America. Mr. O'Connor tells us that an "essentially American literature" is gradually being evolved, and Mr. O'Connor is naturally enthusiastic on the subject. Then he proceeds to give us a taste of the new literature's quality:—

"This is the tale that Cassidy told  
In his halls a-sheen with purple and gold;  
Told as he sprawled in an easy chair,  
Chewing cigars at a dollar a pair;  
Told with a sigh and perchance a tear  
As the rough soul showed through the cracked veneer;  
Told as he gazed on the walls near by,  
Where a Greuze and a Millet were hung on high,  
With a rude little print in a frame between—  
A picture of Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"I'm drinkin' me mornin's mornin'—but it doesn't taste th' same;  
Though the glass is iv finest crystal, an' th' liquor slips down like crame;  
An' me cockney footman brings it on a soort of a silver plate!—  
Sherry an' bitters it is; whisky is out iv date.  
In me bran' new brownstone manshin—Fift' Av'noo over th' way,  
Th' Cathaydral round th' corner, an' the Lord Archbishop to tay,  
Sure I ought to be sthiff wid grandeur, but me tastes are mighty mean;  
An' I'd rather a mornin's mornin' at Shanahan's ould shebeen.

"Oh! well do I mind th' shanty—th' rocks, an' th' field beyant,  
The dirt floor yellow wid sawdust an' th' walls on a three-inch shlant.  
(There's a twelve-storey "flat" on th' site now—'twas me self that builded th' same)  
An' they called it "The Mont-moriney"—though I wanted th' good ould name.  
Me dinner pail under me oxther, before th' whistle blew,  
I'd banish th' drames from me eyelids wid a noggin', or maybe two;  
An' oh! it was th' illigant whisky—its like I have never seen  
Since I went for me mornin's mornin' to Shanahan's ould shebeen."

How anyone can reasonably pretend that such verses as these are anything better than respectable doggerel passes our understanding. How anyone, moreover, can suggest in cold print that such verses are helping to establish a new literature is a question which we must really refer to the authorities at Colney Hatch or Hanwell. Still, on reflection we suppose it is all part of "the game," and only affords another striking instance of how unblushingly a bad Irish politician will, for his own purposes, advertise a bad Irish verse-writer. We are grateful to Mr. O'Connor for one thing. With the birth of his "New Race of Irish-American Writers" we may thankfully suppose that at

last there is really a prospect of hearing a little less nonsense talked about the "Celtic Movement." Perhaps all the profits of the latter business have by now been exhausted.

The decision of the judges in the Court of Appeal on the Banister case gives one more instance of the utter inability to distinguish between the legal and the spiritual aspects of the Church's position which has always been a characteristic of our English judges. Here we have four learned judges solemnly deciding that the moral law can be altered by Act of Parliament. The law, they maintain, now allows the marriage of a man to his deceased wife's sister; consequently, what has always been held by the Church not to be a true marriage suddenly becomes one—that is to say, that according to these judges the moralities are entirely at the mercy of majorities at the polling-booths. At any given moment, should Parliament pass a Bill making it legal for any man to take something that he wanted very badly from wherever he could get it, theft would instantly and automatically cease to be a sin against the moral law. The same, of course applies to murder and all other crimes. At the time of the Reign of Terror thousands of aristocrats were murdered in cold blood with the full approval of the Government of the day, and the Church held, and holds now, that those who were parties to these bloody acts were murderers. But according to the logic of the Court of Appeal the Church was evidently quite wrong! Fortunately, however, the Church is, and always has been, absolutely contemptuous of the decisions of English judges with regard to matters concerning the faith.

We have reason to congratulate ourselves that we refrained from serious comment on Mr. William Watson's extraordinary outburst in the shape of a poem called "The Woman with the Serpent's Tongue." Any speculations as to the identity of the lady referred to are rendered unnecessary by the fact that Mr. Watson, immediately on arriving in America, proceeded to give full information on this subject to all the newspapers, thereby incidentally rendering himself liable to proceedings for criminal libel. Mr. William Watson's brother has now informed the English newspapers that Mr. William Watson is subject to attacks of mental aberration, during which he is not responsible for what he writes; and if this be really the case we can only express our sympathy with Mr. Watson and his family. On the other hand, if it be true, as stated in a large number of American newspapers, that Mr. Watson is being paid five thousand dollars (£1,000) a week for reciting this poem in a New York theatre, there would appear, on the face of it, to be a certain amount of method in his madness. In any case, whatever be the true state of affairs with regard to Mr. William Watson, it would be interesting to know what possible excuse the publisher of the book could set forward for allowing such an outrageous poem to appear in print. Mr. John Lane, the publisher in question, is believed to enjoy a large measure of mental sanity; nor have we ever heard it alleged that he is subject to any kind of aberration. How, then, does it come to pass that Mr. Lane allowed such a poem to appear in a book published by him? We are seriously of opinion that, as our American friends would say, "It is up to" Mr. Lane to make a speedy and public explanation of his conduct in the matter.

The appalling fire at Clapham last week has served to illuminate the grotesque love of self-advertisement that swells the bosom of Mr. John Burns. Mr. Burns arrived on the scene of the fire, and for some reason or other was allowed to busy himself here and there in a manner that one can hardly suppose assisted either the police or the firemen. Incidentally, Mr. Burns walked into a group of Press photographers. In the case of so frightful a

calamity as that which has devastated the Clapham shops the instincts of common humanity urge us to assist in saving the lives of others. Those people inside the building frequently perform heroic services in quelling panic and in carrying less fortunate individuals to the exits; but for private or notorious individuals to arrive comparatively late upon the scene from extraneous sources, and to then generally interfere with the operations of the Salvage Corps and the Fire Brigade, appears to us a dangerous practice. On the next occasion that Mr. Burns appears in this rôle of busybody, we respectfully suggest that one of the firemen's hoses might be diverted from the fire to his august person.

We have received a letter from the Rev. W. F. Knox, which we herewith reproduce, together with the reply of the gentleman who reviewed the book in question, and as they are unfortunately crowded out of our correspondence columns, and as the subject is an important one, we make no apologies for printing the two letters in our editorial columns:—

#### PROTESTANT.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

SIR,—I notice that in your review of the Life of the late Canon J. E. Jelf he is described as a Protestant clergyman. The word has so many shades of meaning that I venture to ask what particular meaning is to be assigned to it in this connection.

W. F. KNOX.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.*

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Knox seems to be looking for some one to scalp. The word "Protestant" was not used in any particular sense, but as the appropriate negative of "Catholic." I preferred the use of the term "Protestant clergyman" to "Low Church clergyman," as a mark of distinction, though I should much like to see both terms eliminated from the Church of England, and the legitimate name of "Catholic Church" paramount. Canon Jelf spoke as a member of the Convocation of the Southern Province when the "Declaration on Ritual" was presented in 1903 to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Perhaps, Sir, I had better give you a definition of his Church principles, which seem to be rather complex—neither High Church nor Low Church, neither Catholic nor Protestant. Still, he seemed to lean more towards the latter. In a letter to Lord Selborne (1868) he remarks:—

"(1) I am thankful to be able to say that my principles and feelings are entirely opposed to the tenets of the Rationalistic school. I distrust the undue exaltation either of private judgment or of human reason, and believe that we ought to abide by the teaching of Holy Scripture and the doctrine of the Church.

"(2) "I do not belong, nor am I in any way associated with, the English Church Union. Some of its members are my friends, and I cannot but sympathise, to a certain extent, with much of its defensive action; but I have hitherto abstained from joining the society, nor do I purpose taking such a step.

"(3) "It would be no real sacrifice for me to forego the use of coloured stoles and Eucharistic vestments: to which, indeed, I am not accustomed.\* I always feel that the altar (in the sense in which an English Churchman may apply that term to the holy table) should be the richest and most prominent object in a house of worship, both because of the dignity of those Holy Mysteries which are dispensed therefrom, and because people need to be reminded, for their own great good, of the duty of offering to the Giver. The Book of Common Prayer appears to me our safest and most Scriptural guide."

The REVIEWER.

\* In later years Canon Jelf used coloured stoles, and also white linen vestments for the celebration of the Holy Communion.

#### A CHRISTMAS SONNET

Late, as I slept worn with Life's cares and jars,  
I had a vision of an angel bright,  
Who told me: "Christ was born a living Light  
To lead men's souls from where, behind the bars  
Which are the Flesh, they hide their wounds and scars."  
Whereat he smiled on me and took strong flight  
Through the deep sapphire darkness of the night,  
Beyond the scattered gold-dust of the stars.

Higher he flew and higher till his eyes,  
If haply he looked down, might scarce descry,  
Like a faint shining mist, the Milky Way.  
And so before the gates of Paradise  
He vanished from my aching sight. And I  
Wept and awoke—and it was Christmas Day.

A. D.

#### PULPIT POLITICS

NOTHING could be more thoroughly discreditable to the name of religion than the extraordinary attempts made by large sections of the English clergy, of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and of the Nonconformist ministry to force Socialism and Revolution down the throats of the British people by ensuring the return to power of the Radical demagogues at the forthcoming election. Nothing could be more directly subversive of the cause of the Christian faith. Directly and indirectly we have been told again and again by avowed Socialists of the "Red flag" type that they welcomed Mr. George's iniquitous Budget primarily as a measure of Socialistic legislation, and a thousand clamorous mouths have not hesitated to inform us that their one object in attempting the destruction of the House of Lords is to smooth the way for a Socialistic triumph. Any person with reasonable intelligence must know by now what such a triumph would mean for the Christian religion. We have seen what it has meant for Christianity in France. We know that many, if not all, of the most powerful propagandists of Socialism in the past have been confessed atheists openly hostile to Christian morality, and, moreover, we know that some of the greatest influences at work in shaping the destinies of Socialism to-day are undisguisedly antagonistic to Christ and His Church. Has not one of the most influential and prominent of modern Socialists frankly declared:—

"I oppose the Christian religion because I do not think the Christian religion is beneficial to mankind. . . . I am working for Socialism when I attack religion, which is hindering Socialism." We need not dwell upon such characteristic announcements as these. They are scattered broadcast over the whole body of Socialist literature, and punctuate the periods of nearly every Socialistic speech dealing with the general propaganda of the movement. Moreover, most of us by now possess the collateral knowledge that Socialism, in addition to its bitter and implacable hostility to religion, is pledged to destroy "home life"

as that term is realised in England to-day. "Home life" becomes impossible if our children under the Socialistic scheme are to be handed over to a maternal (?) State, which shall be responsible for all their mental and physical training and requirements. Yet in the face of facts so simple and so widely known and acknowledged as these, we find to-day the pulpits of the churches of England teeming with professedly Christian ministers inciting their congregations to vote for a Government whose return to power would be hailed all over the civilised world as the first really vital triumph of Socialism in England. Only a comparatively few weeks ago we were treated to the disgraceful spectacle of large blasphemous signboards exhibited outside Christian churches professing to believe that if the Founder of Christianity was an elector in Bermondsey He would vote for the Socialist candidate. The Socialist candidate in question has retired from the constituency in favour of a "Radical" candidate, so we may reasonably assume that there exists no material divergence between their views, and throughout the length and breadth of the country we find preachers of the Christian gospel excitedly championing the cause of such "Radical" candidates in whose favour the avowed Socialists are graciously retiring. Quite the most impudent phase of this malignant movement was reached last Friday, when Mr. Lloyd George addressed an entirely unrepresentative audience of Free Churchmen, and we are not surprised that the harangue he delivered on that occasion has called forth a striking and strongly worded protest from so prominent a Nonconformist as Sir Robert Perks. It will be remembered that Sir Robert Perks was for many years a distinguished Liberal member of the House of Commons, and during the years 1906 and 1907 he occupied the position of Chairman to the Nonconformist House of Commons Committee. During his long parliamentary career Sir Robert Perks has been persistently outspoken in his demands for the amelioration of certain conditions which he believed constituted Nonconformist grievances. Sir Robert Perks has, indeed, been very frequently described as "a militant Nonconformist," but this is the way in which he has felt called upon to answer Mr. George in a letter addressed to the *Times*, and published by that journal on Tuesday last:—

"It is well to note that the Federation of the Free Churches, which organised the meeting, has no authority whatever officially, or even indirectly, to represent the Free Churches; and least of all does it represent the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The Wesleyans have never taken very kindly to this Federation. Very few of the prominent ministers or laymen of Methodism have been associated with it. The two Methodists in the Cabinet, Lord Wolverhampton and Mr. Walter Runciman, are not connected with it. Among the crowd of Nonconformist ministers who thronged the platform last Friday only two Wesleyan ministers figured, and these are avowed Socialists of a somewhat nebulous type.

"The Wesleyan Methodists stand numerically next to the Church of England in Great Britain. The importance of the Methodist vote is seen by the fact that for every one Roman Catholic voter in England and Wales there are six Methodist voters, and of these four are Wesleyan.

"The 'priest in politics' has never been a popular cry among the Methodists. Still less do they appreciate 'politics in the pulpit.' An electioneering address delivered on a Sunday afternoon by a Cabinet Minister would be an absolute impossibility in a Wesleyan Methodist church; and ninety-nine Wesleyans out of a hundred would think rightly so. The Baptist and Congregationalist

Churches, who direct the policy of the Free Church Federation, are bound by far less rigid rules.

"Indeed, one sometimes wonders at the flexibility of their principles when the fortunes of their political party are at stake. In Ireland, in France, even in the English village, they denounce the unwarrantable interference of priests in the secular and political affairs of the people; and yet their ministers claim to shape the policy, and issue to their churches their marching orders, in the coming electoral struggle. Many of their pulpits are to be converted temporarily into electioneering platforms; 'manifestoes' are being showered upon their people as though they were revelations from Heaven; and the fiery cross is to be carried throughout the land by preachers who have convinced themselves that they are called by God to smite the 'hereditary foes of Nonconformity' hip and thigh.

"It is a singular thing that in an organisation which places the rights of the clergy and the laity on an equal footing, the only speakers upon Mr. Lloyd George's platform who were allowed to utter one word were six Nonconformist divines. Possibly the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought of Cromwell and his clergy, and remembered that even in Dissenting Churches clericalism may be the enemy . . .

"Mr. Lloyd George asserts, and truly so, that the political crisis at which we have arrived is one of the gravest which has ever confronted the Free Churches. He might have added, 'and the country.'

"The programme for which the Nonconformists are asked to fight, subordinating every other issue, is not an attractive one. We shall not have the authorised Liberal programme until the Prime Minister issues his address to the electors.

"At the moment it would seem to be—

Home Rule for the Irish;  
Socialism for the Labour Party;  
Nothing for the Nonconformists.

"The Prime Minister gave no pledges to Nonconformity at the Albert Hall, nor did Mr. Lloyd George at the Queen's Hall.

"The truth is that unless the Liberty Party returns to power with a far larger majority than any experienced election agent predicts, such pledges would be worthless; for the Liberal Government will be at the mercy of the Irish and the Labour Parties."

In the course of this remarkable letter, which we venture to suggest might well be reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed amongst the members of the various Nonconformist churches in Great Britain, Sir Robert Perks carefully analyses the prospects of the Free Churches under a Radical-Socialist Government, and finds them peculiarly depressing.

"Mr. Lloyd George (continues Sir Robert) says that Nonconformity stands at the parting of the ways. It is not the first time in recent years that the Free Churches have stood there. We did so in 1885. Nonconformity had then to choose between Mr. Gladstone with Irish Home Rule and Mr. Chamberlain with Religious Equality. Nonconformity took the former path; and we have lived bitterly to rue the day.

"For a third time Mr. Asquith now offers the country Home Rule. Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Winston Churchill offer Socialism.

"Mr. Dale's successor at Birmingham, the Rev. Mr. Jowett, who presided last Friday, tried to cheer the disconsolate Dissenters by telling them that 'at the psychological moment they would claim Disestablishment for

England.' How is it that these 'psychological moments' for Nonconformity are always to come the day after tomorrow?

" . . . Emotional rhetoric is of little use in politics. What Nonconformists have at this 'grave crisis' to remember is that the Dissenting clergy who now offer their leadership and their advice are the same men who during the last four years have accomplished nothing. Who may gain as a result of the prolonged campaign upon which we are asked to enter nobody can say. The Irish may do so. The Socialists may. Nonconformists, destitute of a programme and without a leader, certainly cannot."

These are plain words and true ones. We commend them very earnestly to the close regard and study of those Nonconformist congregations, who are to-day seeing their unhappy chapels turned into electioneering booths for Socialists and Secularists.

In regard to the coeval agitation in progress amongst certain sections of the Roman Catholic clergy this is largely restricted to Ireland and such constituencies in England as have a considerable number of Irish electors. Roman Catholic polities in Great Britain unfortunately are practically dominated by Irish Nationalism. The ignorant priesthood of Ireland and the persons who dictate the policy of papers like the *Catholic Times* and the *Catholic Herald* are filled with a common vitriolic hatred for all things English. They detest all English Roman Catholics—especially the Duke of Norfolk—rather worse than they do the Devil, and their professed object is to secure the separation of Ireland from the Empire. They are, of course, content to leave the care of Catholic schools to the tender solicitude of the "carpet-bag-men" who form the Nationalist party, and we may take it that if the present Government is returned to power—in which case the Catholic Church will undoubtedly lose her schools—the editorial gentlemen on the staffs of the *Catholic Times* and the *Catholic Herald*, together with all the peasant priesthood of poor distressful Ireland, will be entirely contented in the sacrifice of their Church to Home Rule. After all, religion with this class of Irish has always been more of a profession than anything else, something like journalism. So far then we are brought to the conclusion that the Nonconformist supporters of the Demagogues are agitating for nothing that can possibly benefit them in any way or degree, and that the supporters of the Demagogues on the Catholic Press and amongst the Catholic clergy are agitating for nothing so much as the loss of the Faith to their schools. What, then, about the people who, like the always outrageous Bishop of Hereford, agitate for the Radical-Socialists from the pulpits of the Established Church of England? For what are they seeking? The present Government is pledged in the first place to a common system of undenominational religious education in the schools of Great Britain and likewise to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Wales. Also with the convenient removal of the House of Lords the disestablishment of the Church in England might be easily accomplished by a transient majority of Secularists and Socialists in the House of Commons. These, then, are the Good Works that the Bishop of Hereford and his friends in the Church of England are so eagerly contemplating at the gracious and hallowed festival of Christmas. Verily the present political crisis has disclosed to us, if nothing else, the number and temper of those enemies to the Church of Christ who abide not in the open field of conflict, but rather nourish in the quiet sanctity of her bosom.

## KEATS AND VENUS

At the close of a day of November sunshine I chanced to cross an open space in the vicinity of London which allowed me a full glimpse of the heavens. When anyone in London has the temerity to speak of the sun in November there instantly flashes to the mind an image of a dull red ball, which only ever becomes a likeness of his former self when Venus lovingly reveals herself to him just before he sinks reluctantly in the West. Here, too, at day's decline in the vast imagination-engendering city we must usually crouch around our fires because the multitudinous suns of the night are veiled from our view, showing no guiding light o'er the precarious paths we mortals have to tread. But to-day the sun had shed his welcome though not puissant beams, on land and water, and signs of a splendid night-sky were at hand. That part of the day's necessitous routine had just been finished of which Wordsworth must have been thinking when he spoke about "the dreary intercourse of daily life." As was my wont, I permitted my eyes to rest upon that part of the heavens still glowing with the soft mellow light that yet came from the rays of the now invisible sun; and like a lover who sees his gloriously sauced lady come into the golden glitter of the ballroom, the planet Venus swam into my view. How radiantly majestic she appeared as "eve's one star"!

For the first time I understood intuitively why Keats has irradiated his pages with sparkling images of this jewel. Its very names are poetry! Call it by any others than those which at various times it has received, Hesperus, Hesper; Phosphorus, Phosphor; Lucifer and Venus, and it will look as sweet, but much of its charm would vanish with the passing of these names, for they are suggestive of the happiest associations. Undoubtedly it was this very charm, this very ancient appropriateness of the appellations, that came vividly to Keats when he beheld the planet, and so fixed it in his regard that whenever he must tell of supremest loveliness, or intensest beauty, it is by a similarity to, or a surpassing of, this remarkable celestial body. Perhaps our poet—how we Londoners especially should dwell with loving reverence on the monosyllable—saw in this orb what for him was the essence of living, a star which ever resolved itself, when he viewed it with the poet's eye, into a double one, the components of which he named Beauty and Truth. With what eagerness he must have scanned the eastern horizon at dawn, or the western sky-line at sunset, straining to glimpse his beloved

"silver planet, both of eve and morn."

His work abounds in allusions to this, after Phœbus and Phœbe, most brilliant object known by man. In one of the poems published in 1817 he refers to it in two lines, which to anyone with an ounce of critical acumen portend the genuine poet:—

"or that soft humming  
We hear around when Hesperus is coming."

Again, in one of his unforgettable odes, "To Psyche," he can reach superlatively classical beauty but by making the goddess

"Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-region'd star,  
Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky."

It is fit that the one of our poets who invariably conjures up in our mind the god Apollo should have drawn much inspiration from the star that we unconsciously associate with the sun. Only Keats with his exquisite touch could have written, "His tread was Hesperean"; or, in referring to the Elgin Marbles, "the full Hesperean shine of their star in the east."

Who cannot imagine the poet many a time gazing into the

"Blue! . . . the life of heaven—the domain  
Of Cynthia—the wide palace of the sun—  
The tent of Hesperus, and all his train,"

and seeing those "fragrant palaces," which he tells us were ever floating

"Beneath the cherish of a star  
Call'd Vesper, who with silver veil  
Ever hides his brilliance pale,  
Ever gently-drowsed doth keep  
Twilight for the Fays to sleep?"

It is a wonder to me that none of our symbolical artists has pictured Keats kneeling, like Endymion, "To Vesper for a taper silver-clear," that he might see beauty through all the night. One can see him doomed to seclusion, perhaps for a single day penning those portentous words which commence his greatest work, and show us the dreary bourne of "grey-hair'd Saturn":—

"the shady sadness of a vale  
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star."

Did ever words express more deliciously, notwithstanding the poetical licence, for Venus does not "throe," "the witching hour of night" than these:—

"The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,  
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe  
In the dusk heavens silvery?"

A little reasoning, if one may dare bring so mundane an attribute to such a sublime thing, makes me conclude that it is to this magnificent planet that we owe Keats' last and most wonderful sonnet, commencing "Bright star! would I were as steadfast as thou art." It seems that he could not have been inspired here by a star, in the astronomical sense of the word—the poets generally use "star" and "planet" synonymously—for, as is well known, all these heavenly bodies scintillate, and could therefore hardly justify the epithet "steadfast." On the other hand, all the planets, with the exception of Mercury, are not possessed of this quality; they are, as our poets write, either "lidless," or they watch "with eternal lids apart." Now it were possible that any of the easily seen planets prompted this beautiful sonnet, but I incline to the belief that the adjective "bright" qualifies Venus. Other impressive paintings of this ascendant of the poet may be found with little difficulty in his works. The whole heavens, moreover, were a source of the finest inspiration to Keats. This was quite natural, since to him poesy was a "drainless shower of light." Many another would probably have named that transcendent unfinished poem of his "Saturn"; but his Greek love for the light is to have sway, and we get everything subordinated to the sun-god, who must also give his blinding brilliance to the title. Who will doubt that it is Keats that speaks when he puts into the mouth of Ludolph, in his drama, "Otho the Great," the words:—

"when I close  
These lids, I see far fiercer brilliances—  
Skies full of splendid moons, and shooting stars,  
And spouting exhalations, diamond fires,  
And panting fountains quivering with deep glows?"

His ecstasy at first breathing the pure serene of the wide expanse ruled by Homer can be given its full expression only by likening it to that felt by

"a watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

In a poem to his brother George he relates that "On the wavy grass outstretch'd supinely" he pried "'mong the stars, to strive to think divinely"; and, though, in the same poem, he says his mind is often overcast because he thinks that no sphery strains from the blue dome can ever be caught by him, it is impossible to doubt that afterwards he saw, as the beautiful Endymion saw, "Written

in star-light on the dark above," many of the divine things that he has so miraculously communicated to us. Phorphyro, just hearing the lovely and saintly Madeline's sweet implorings, is "Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far," and to finish the almost perfect picture we are given one of those brilliant similes that show Keats in his best light; which means equal to the highest:—

"Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star  
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose."

Lania was "full of silver moons," and

"Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire  
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar."

The epic is to the youthful genius, "Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring." The winged messengers of the night have always appealed strongly to the poets; but where in the circle of the world's literature is there a more vivid and inspired conception of a meteor than

"the passage of an angel's tear  
That falls through the clear ether silently?"

"Cynthia, the queen of light," was probably, after Venus, the one of the heavens' objects most cherished by the poet. He viewed her as no one else ever viewed her

"from her silken curtains peeping  
So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,  
And she her half-discover'd revels keeping,"

and in that incomparable ode, "To a Nightingale,"

"on her throne,  
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays."

At Cynthia's wedding all the lustrous court of Jove must be present:—

"Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings  
He leans away for highest heaven and sings  
Snapping his lucid fingers merrily!

Aquarius! to whom King Jove has given  
Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd  
wings,  
Two fanlike fountains—thine illuminings  
For Dian play:

make more bright  
The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage  
night:

Haste, haste away!  
Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!  
And of the Bear has Pollux mastery;  
A third is in the race! who is the third,  
Speeding away swift as the eagle bird?

The ramping Centaur!  
The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear how fierce!  
The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce  
Some enemy: far forth this bow is bent  
Into the blue of heaven.

Andromeda! sweet woman! why delaying  
So timidly among the stars: come hither!  
Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow  
whither  
They all are going."

To anyone who has silently, and with not a little awe, lifted up his eyes on an intense night to count the "starry seven," the following must appeal very forcibly:—

"The Pleiades were up,  
Watching the silent air,"

as also the wonderful imagination displayed here:—

"Though a descended Pleiad, will not one  
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune  
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine?"

Tennyson wrote some splendid lines, always scientifically exact, we are told, about the stars; but even in those below it is questionable whether he reached the pinnacle of poetical imagination attained by Keats above.

"Because I would have reached you had you been  
Sphered up with Cassiopæia."

Like Shelley, the only one of his contemporaries who rightly appreciated his genius, Keats heard sounds as "sweet as planetary music heard in trance," for he tells us that the name of Kosciusko "comes upon us like the glorious pealing of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone."

Is not this one of those simple, complete, and perfect canvases that only the masters could paint?

"The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars  
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush  
Began calm-throated."

Are not these the notes that come only to the deathless lyrists?

"she began to sing—  
Happy in beauty, life, and love, and everything—  
A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,  
While, like held breath, the stars drew in their panting  
fires."

Here, too, rather by reason of, than spite of, the compound words, which suggest a weakness to Coleridge, is unsurpassable poetry.

"As when, upon a tranced summer-night,  
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars  
Dream. . . . ."

Verily! one viewing the many intense and magnificent metaphors and similes, inimitably portraying the sky and its glories, that range through the work of the poet, may well say that the passionate and god-like supplication of Apollo in "Hyperion" was Keats' own fervent prayer.

"Goddess benign! point forth some unknown thing.  
Are there not other regions than this isle?  
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!  
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!  
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way  
To any one particular beauteous star,  
And I will flit into it with my lyre,  
And make its silvery splendour pant with bliss."

H. D. C.

## REVIEWS

### PLAYING THE GAME

*Light Come, Light Go.* By Ralph Nevill. (Macmillan and Co. Price 15s. net.)

In these luxurious pages we find an analysis of the very psychology of gaming, from the pen of a mellow raconteur, a very human being. There is scarcely any form of gambling of which Mr. Nevill has not something to say, and he says it all with much humour, and he points his humour with arresting anecdote. The first chapter introduces the subject with general reflections on the spirit of gaming which is inherent in man, which has been from all time and, humanly speaking, will last as long as the race does. But this spirit is rightly attributed by Mr. Nevill to a very prosaic origin. (Pages 1 and 2.) "All speculation, whether it be in pigs or wheat, stocks and shares, race-horses or cards, is in essence the same—its main feature being merely the desire to obtain 'something for nothing,' to acquire wealth without work." Probably few of the votaries of Fortune have admitted this sordid

basis for their passion, and in this introductory chapter and throughout the book we are shown how play attracts and affects different natures. Whereas Napoleon was no gambler, nor yet the Duke of Wellington, their contemporary, Blücher, was a reckless punter and a most gallant one. His son inherited his passion. The Prince-Marshall told him he would never win, and we are given an example. The younger Blücher had made a good coup. He came to his father and put on the table a bag of roubles that he had won—to refute his father's prophecy. "And I said the truth," was the reply. "Sit down there and I'll convince you." The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blücher won all his son's money; whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table observing. "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would 'never win.'" This exemplifies Mr. Nevill's reflection that hardly any gambler pure and simple seems to win—probably he does not keep account of extravagant expenditure while the run of luck lasts, for nothing upsets the sense of proportion in daily life like the great risks a gambler runs. The studious gambler, though, is thrifty and works hard at such elements towards success as the performances of a horse or the fluctuation of a stock. But methods, systems, and combinations seem to do little more than put a limitation on losses. "Fortune is fickle, feminine; moderation is the only chance of securing her constant presence." Then the crude gambler does not enough consider the importance of small advantages, and an example is given:—"A and B agree to play a game at one guinea a game till 100 guineas are lost or won. A possesses advantages amounting to 11 to 10. Experience shows that B would do well to pay 99 guineas forfeit." We read here of men who have made large fortunes at cards, of more who have earned a decent competence, but of many more who have squandered princely fortunes in play. In this effort "to acquire wealth without work," most extraordinary examples of physical endurance are narrated, and doubtless they were of frequent occurrence. Mr. Nevill cites as in all probability the longest duel at cards which ever took place one at Sulzbach between the famous adventurer Casanova and an officer named d'Entragues, and the game was piquet. The duel started with one of words, but eventually the game began on the terms that "the player who was the first to rise from the piquet table should forfeit fifty louis to his opponent." The game began at three in the afternoon, and a condition was inserted that "whoever asks for food, leaves the room for more than a quarter of an hour, or goes to sleep in his chair, shall be deemed the loser." Casanova won, d'Entragues having fallen fainting from his chair. The duel is recounted pages 21 to 24. Many other instances are given of games lasting days and nights and days again, and on page 62 we read of a rubber of whist which started on Wednesday afternoon and lasted till midnight Friday, only ending because two of the players were Jews and would not play on Saturday. This makes us reflect on present-day Sunday Bridge.

Mr. Nevill, after introductory generalising, treats of the different games of chance which succeeded one another in England, France, and Germany until he comes to the play of to-day at Monte Carlo and the French watering-places. Dice predominated at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and, though for many years out of fashion, we hear of two clubs in Paris, which now exist, where they have reappeared in the race-game, the members declaring that the movements of the "little leaden horses in accordance with the throw of the dice are more amusing and exciting than roulette or baccarat." That does not prevent heaps of people losing their money at *petits chevaux* elsewhere by the help of a wheel very similar to that which loses them their money at roulette. The games which seem to have held the eighteenth century in thrall were Hazard and Faro—and they worked havoc in society for a long period. Faro is said to have been introduced by the French émigrés, and was originally an Italian game. Ladies were then even more than now slaves to games of chance, and at the close of the eighteenth century some of the noblest

names of the country were involved in the maintenance of gambling houses. A series of scandals instigated a crusade against faro; and in 1805 the losses of a very beautiful duchess chiefly at faro hastened the end of the rule of the faro dames. There is a good reproduction of a picture by Rowlandson (opposite page 60) of the beautiful duchess throwing a main. History seems to have repeated itself, for, if report be true, a duchess of the same great house has suffered losses at play in this the twentieth century hardly less than did her grace of 1805. In France at the same period gambling seems to have held ladies in as firm a vice as in England, and an excellent anecdote is found on page 270. A lady confessed to her priest that she was desperately fond of gambling. The confessor, pointing out the evils of such a passion, urged especially the great loss of time that it involved. "Ah," said the lady, "that's just what vexes me—so much time lost in shuffling the cards!" Besides Hazard and Faro, Passe-Dix and Craps, Roulette, Rouge et Noir, Trente et Quarante, and Baccarat all have their turn and their victims. Each game is lucidly explained, and, in some cases, illustrated by a diagram, and so clearly, that the uninitiated could, with the help of "Light Come, Light Go," almost face a table at either of the games, and lose his money with the best. But while pure games of chance receive such minute attention, whist is not neglected, and we read of many desperate encounters, and are made to look back from the bridge-table of to-day to the long period during which whist held sway and to the devotion which was paid to the game. Among notable whist-players is cited General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, who is said to have won about £200,000 at the game. He lived for whist so far that he "followed a régime which assisted him to keep all his faculties in the very best condition for getting the most out of his cards. His dinner usually consisted of a boiled chicken and toast and water." (p. 118.) A Mr. Pratt is mentioned too, so devoted to whist that he hardly ever spoke in his daily life, and never at whist. He is said to have been able "at the conclusion of each rubber to correctly call over the cards in the exact order in which they were played as well as the persons from whose hands they fell."

But after analysis of the personalities we come to the final establishment of gaming by system in many countries. The history of chance in France exacts Mr. Nevill's most graceful pen. The Palais Royal—the gift of a great cardinal to a great king—and then its vicissitudes, from the most royal seat of repose in the middle of a city still gentle to a haunt of *autres délices*, where every sense could be catered for from cellar to roof, where, after the occupation of Paris by the Allies, Prince Blücher threw a main to be answered by every golden coin of Europe—and now it is *bourgeois* ("criblement bourgeois"). Mr. Nevill sheds a tear over its respectable decadence. The Palais Royal is infinitely the most attractive house of play. But in England meantime were rising White's and Brookes's—but beyond all Crockford's, which moulded itself into the Devonshire Club (Heaven save the mark!).

In Paris, beyond the Palais Royal, there appeared and ruled Frascati's and the Salon des Etrangers. From these two houses sprung the soul of modern gambling—M. Blanc. He cannot be looked on as a gambler only. He organised play for the world he lived in. He carried Fortune from inhospitable Paris (where the heat of play had exacted plenary methods) to Baden-Baden, Wiesburg, Ems, Homburg—until at last he stranded his vagarious keel on the little Island of Monaco. What we feel in reading this book is that if you must gamble you should gamble under sound and humane legislation. To M. Blanc the gouty and rheumatic owe the homes they ease themselves in. Without his genius for the alleviation of the cares of "soi-même" by a friendly game of cards, it is quite possible that there would be no Homburgs, Carlsbads, Marienbads now. He was not empirical, but practical, and he set up his attractive tables where it was good for mankind to come. He only is known to have gambled

once, and then he lost 20,000 francs against himself (on his own table) to pay for twenty shillings' worth of a parasol, his wife's birthday present. Mr. Nevill rightly approves the control of gambling, which from the Pari-mutuel on the Turf gives such a return to the poor that there is practically no poor rate in France; also his *egis* is extended over the gaming houses in all the French watering-houses. But his attitude is hardly conclusive. In spite of the exactions that go to charity (with no charity from those who pay), the places where these games are played are places of terror to the friends of young and gallant children—and money leads their little hands by the electric force of ruling Dame Fortune. Attractive as this book is, it does not lead to gambling. It points out quite truly that to gain with Dame Fortune means an assiduous devotion at her court, which is much more distressing, much harder work, than the ordinary lines of compelling fortune. We have in this review left a number of charming characters unnoticed, but for a very last effort we will name an Indian soldier—Colonel Mordaunt. He belonged to an Indian lot. He met the directors of John Company to try to enter Addiscombe. He knew nothing that his examiners put to him. His father blamed his schoolmaster, on which he stripped himself to show his master's marks of zeal. Then he pulled a pack of cards out of his pocket, and played the directors for his commission, and won. He ruled a native state for twenty years, and the picture of cock-fighting here given is the best representation of the sport since the reviewer saw Malays fight their cocks twenty-five years ago. Monte Carlo was founded by a ducal tea party, and now is a haven of bright rest, and whatever toll it takes from the gambling world it has well repaid in prosperity to the people of the barren island on which M. Blanc first hoisted his flag.

The reviewer hates play, hates racing except for the love of *racing*, which he loves; but there is no more sensible book about games of chance than that which he has had the privilege to review. While charming scenes of graceful days that are passed are painted with an artist's—a very friendly artist's—hand, there is no impulse given to the most alluring and dangerous of distractions. Good paper, print, and illustrations should, with its good binding, embrace a large reading fireside circle in many houses where deeds of *derring do* (right or wrong) are gladly heard of.

## THE DAUPHINES OF FRANCE

*The Dauphines of France.* By FRANK HAMEL. (Stanley Paul. 16s.)

MR. HAMEL's book, which is a biography of fifteen princesses, some familiar, others little known, to English readers, is not written from the historian's point of view. Its objective is the picturesque, and "to clothe the skeleton of facts with the live reality of feelings," and in consequence we hear a great deal of personal gossip and of the external features of the most magnificent Court in Europe and of the fêtes, formalities, and etiquette with which in later days the dauphines of France were surrounded. In reality, in the majority of cases, their position, from the first dauphine, Jeanne de Bourbon, to the last, Marie-Thérèse, Duchesse d'Angoulême, was not of great importance politically. D'Argenson writes on the death of Marie-Thérèse of Spain, who was dauphine for eighteen months, that "she would have borne many children, which is the first quality to desire in women of that rank; she would never have done harm in the kingdom, and that is all we ask of them. As for usefulness, we release them from that—'the lilies spin not'"; and there is no doubt that he expresses the feeling of the age as to the most desirable qualifications for a dauphine of France.

Very little is to be gathered as to the early dauphines, a brief entry in a chronicle or inventory hardly supplies the human interest which the author is in search of. Jeanne de Bourbon, Marguerite de Bourgogne, Jacqueline of Bavaria, Marie d'Anjou, are shadows. But of Margaret of Scotland there is much to say. The daughter of the poet

King of Scotland, James I., she was betrothed to the dauphin Louis in 1428, when she was but three-and-a-half years old. "She was a star clear and fine," says Martin Lefranc, "placed in the universe to adorn it." Her husband, however, neglected her. "He was very fond of falcons," said Comines, "but not quite so much as he was of dogs. As for ladies, he never cared for them." But the dauphine loved poetry above all things, and gathered round her several women who occupied themselves with literary composition. Her especial favourite, Prégente de Melun, took it upon herself to prescribe the books to be read, the ballads to be learnt, and to discover which of them contained a love story and were suitable for the dauphine's collection. The dauphine would sit evening after evening with her courtiers and ladies reciting verses and singing love-songs. But one day at Nancy, while she and her circle sat in semi-darkness discoursing poetry, a certain Jamet du Tillay—"one who was overlight of speech"—entered, and spoke harsh words of the dauphine's conduct, complaining that the torches should have been brought in at an earlier hour. "It made me very sorrowful indeed," said the dauphine, "for no man could say worse things of any woman than he has said of me." She never recovered from the blow, and sick of mind and frail of body, weakened by long vigils and study, she died from a chill not long after. On her death-bed, she remembered her accuser, saying, "Ah! Jamet, Jamet, you have finished your work." Her last words: "Out upon the life of this world; do not speak to me of it," bore the tragic note of the dying utterances of one of Webster's characters.

It is curious that after the death of Henri II. there was no dauphine for a very considerable period. François II., Charles IX., and Henri III. left no issue; Louis XIII., the son of Henri IV., was crowned at the age of nine, before his marriage with Anne of Austria; while his son, Louis XIV., also became king at an early age. It was Louis XIV.'s son, the Grand Dauphin, who brought a dauphine to the Court, after a gap of one hundred and twenty years without one.

It is not surprising that the account of Marie Adélaïde of Savoy owes much to the extraordinary mass of information which Saint Simon has handed down about persons and events during the last years of the Grand Monarque; for to Saint Simon's brilliancy a host of historians and biographers, including Macaulay, are deeply indebted. Night after night the young princess gambled and danced, until Saint Simon, whose wife was in her train, and was forced to be present at these dissipations, said gravely that they had not seen the light of day for three weeks, and welcomed the arrival of Lent, because there was bound to be a respite from gaiety. Her gambling and dancing, her amusements at Versailles, where she and her ladies played at blind man's buff and hide-and-seek, and made sugar cakes; her improvised banquets and donkey-races, her wanderings till early morning in the plantations and in the gardens, are mentioned in memoirs of the time, with some scandal which Mr. Hamel does not give us. A great deal of Mr. Hamel's book is built up of French memoirs and chronicles of Brantôme, Dangeau, Saint Simon. One disadvantage of this method is that Mr. Hamel trusts too much to these often biased narratives; he even goes so far as to set down the names of foreign personages as they appear in the French work. Among the train of the Italian ladies who followed Catherine de Medici to France appear "Marie Salviate," "Marie la Maure," "Marguerite and Agnès la Turque." The name of an elector of Bavaria is given as Louis L'Ingénue, while his uncle figures as Frédéric le Victorieux.

### THE SUPREME RIDDLE

*Science and Religion.* By EMILE BOUTROUX. Translated by JONATHAN NIELD. (London: Duckworth and Co. 8s.net.)

It would puzzle anyone to name the man who had dis-

covered a historic basis to either Science or Religion, so that if there is no historic ground (real negative) to them, how can there exist any ground of difference? Why hold them to be antagonistic? Where are your facts to sustain such an assertion? There is no science apart from life, and no religion apart from life. Where, then, is your difference when you can find no positive ultimate of life? M. Boutroux assumes, maybe unconsciously, that he has discovered such an ultimate, since he informs us that the positive Science of Nature, properly so-called, emerged in the sixteenth century. There was, therefore, no form of life previous to that period. The vanities of human contradiction are, indeed, stupendous. Science and Religion are not entities, they are not visible nor even microscopic forms of Nature, they are not historic or external forms of life, but they are invisible or infinite expressions of Nature, which is to say they are universal or internal reflections of life. The great question which needs an answer is this: Who is the man that has discovered universal forms of life; or, in other words, the positive Science of Nature? Not M. Boutroux, although he identifies the sixteenth century with the genesis of Divine Creation. Divine Creation (the positive Science of Nature) is going on now, and was also in a state of progression ages and ages before the sixteenth century. Curiously enough, M. Boutroux quotes Xenophanes, Plato, Aristotle, Origen, Celsus, Scotus Erigena, as actual, and not merely historical or ideal, living entities, prior to his period of positive genesis. He ignores Biblical history almost entirely. Why he does so remains a puzzle. For, if there is a historic basis of life to be found anywhere, it is the Holy Book, which discovers the universal unity of Science and Religion in the human idea of God-head (Nature). Apart from the Holy Book, the human idea has been universally opposed (different) to Science and Religion, and if anyone wishes to be convinced on this point they cannot do better than read M. Boutroux's book.

But this differentiating ground of Science and Religion is not, as the author imagines, the positive ground of life, but the negative ground. Ideas, scientific or otherwise, cannot create life. The whole question of the difference between Science and Religion is absurd, and shows how our ideas at the present day belittle us. We have become so grandly democratic—so splendidly mediocre. We make the people rulers, and cannot understand that the real ground of life, the positive Science and Religion of Nature, is a universal or Divine ground, and not an anthropomorphic, philosophic, or even popular ground. A nation will never maintain its greatness on popular lines. Moreover, a nation never has done so. The Jews are a universal or Divine example of this great fact. Again, we don't want any more ideal explanations of non-foortuitous apologies for Life and Death principles. We want to give to Biology and Pathology their original forms. These forms, according to the Book of Religion (the Bible), and the Book of Nature (Science), are universal forms. Philosophy (the Tree of Knowledge or Ideality) is fundamentally opposed to Nature (the Tree of Life). Why, therefore, in the face of Truth, do we still persist in interpreting Life and Death principles as personal ultimates when they are Divine ultimates?

Without the Death principle (Matter), the Life principle (God) can have no form—no limit. As we know, God is invisible apart from Nature. Even Herbert Spencer tells us in his book that God is unknowable. He therefore contradicts himself by assuming a knowledge of God, since an unknowable implicates certain limits (Knowledge). Invisibility does not do away with life. There is no such thing as a personal form—that is, a personal other than a divine form of life. And there is no such thing as a personal form—that is, a personal other than a divine form of death. Man, who gives a personal (negative) form to everything, still persists, even

as the ancients did, in giving ideal forms to Life and Death (God and Devil), Good and Evil (Heaven and Hell). Thus in biology we get molecules, atoms, electrons, biophores, engrams, etc., and in pathology, microbes and parasites; whilst theology overflows with ideal gods and ideal devils, ethics with historic isms, and eschatology with historic beliefs.

Now even Xenophanes had a glimpse of the folly of such idiosyncracies, for M. Boutroux quotes him as saying:—

"It is men who have created the gods, for in these latter they find their own shape, their feelings, their speech."

Then he adds with a force of splendid logic:—

"If oxen knew how to depict, they would give to their gods the form of oxen."

Man, in fact, can only become perfect in wisdom—that is to say, he can only know the living God by subjection, never by objection. Truth can never be exposed by Philosophy. When, therefore, you introduce the latter into Science and Religion you get but a make-belief science and a make-belief religion. The antagonism of Science and Religion, after all, is only a philosophical antagonism—a myth. It only exists in men's minds and not in their bodies. The latter are universally subjective, not particularly objective. Where, for instance, does Science admit of a particular physical objective? Not in Mathematics, since there is no atomic formula of activity. We have, of course, been told that the electron is a line or atom of force. But all the mathematics in the world will never develop a positive from a negative. There can be no physical or positive division to a line of force (electron). The electron is fundamentally non-atomic (indivisible as inconceivable), however much it may be mathematically developed under ionisation—that is, as an eternal (ad infinitum) negative. Not in Astronomy, since time, which is a dynamic unit, possesses no interval of variation—no differentiating unit of measurement. For did it possess such a unit, not only would there be a space unit of time, but a time unit of space. In other words, if, as some authorities would have us believe, the world is so many thousand or so many million years old, there should be, as far as time is concerned, an annual differentiation of space. But all the annual difference or time variation of space is equivalent to the striking of a clock, which, as far as space, and therefore difference, is concerned, is wholly negative—that is, it is an empty or meaningless variation or measurement of space. The sun cannot be said to change its force of attraction as a grub changes its body or a man changes his mind. The space basis of time—the universal as apart from the dynamic unity of it, and therefore the age of the world—is not a matter of years (astronomical limitation), but a matter of infinity (Divine limitation). The world, in fact, is as old as the first day, and before it can be proved to be older—that is to say, before it can be proved to be different now to the first day or primordial form of it—your scientific speculators must show not merely a dynamic difference (mathematical unity) of space, but a diurnal difference (astronomical unity) of space. Such a discovery would, of course, completely upset the uniformity of astronomical science. In fact, it would be re-introducing the old errors of astrology which Copernicus stamped out. Now, there is not an astronomer living who would dare to deny the Solar uniformity of Copernicus, because such a contradiction would destroy the value by destroying the science of astronomy. We have here, therefore, the whole force of astronomical science to support the physical or positive universality of life, and therefore the absolute one-ness of Science and Religion.

Not, again, in Physics, since Darwin has proved irrefutably that Nature is not particularly determined (objective) but universally formed. Though he never denied the particular objective which Philosophy introduces, and maintained that Reason was a force to be reckoned with in respect to human nature, Darwin never

passed over the great fact of the natural product of sex (species), whether human or otherwise, having sprung from any other source of objection than a common source. What the opponents of Darwin's physical objective theory (Natural Selection) have to prove, therefore, before they can supplant that theory with any other, is a variation, not of cell contents, but of cell universality—cell life. Darwin's theory of natural selection is by no means opposed to Mendel's theory of natural progression. But here, again, we get no particular physical objection, for we get a mechanical unity. Darwin's is a positive physical objection, whilst Mendel's is a negative physical objection. Natural Selection (Darwinism) alone can account for the organic basis of life, and Natural Opposition (Mendelism) for the inorganic basis of life. There is no particular physical objection to be found in either.

The particular objection of life (Science and Religion), and therefore all the wrongs, worries, and disorders of life, is to be traced to an ideal or self source—never to a natural source. Even if we come to investigate the particular physical objection which Medical (Pathological) Science strives to delude us with at the present day, namely, Bacteriological objects, we shall find them purely ideal—imaginary. Bacteria, for instance, are supposed to cause certain vital changes (exudations) in the living cell or phagocyte, which are termed "sensitizers," and which originate because of, not in spite of, the bacteria; and it is therefore claimed that the vital system (that which constitutes the whole, not the part), which has been sensibly subject to the poisonous introduction, can be once more brought to a normal condition of health—that is to say, to a state of vital immunity or objection (not subjection) by further introduction of poisonous material. In other words, by completing the subjection of the whole, which previously was only a particular (ideal) subjection, these professors of "immune cultures" maintain that they have created a sensible objection, namely, a vital cure. But what they really have created, if they have created anything, is what may be termed a systematic subject—a total unity of the poison. In fact they subjugate the victim to the poison, and do not cure him of it. What becomes of the particular object (the parasite) in the physical unity thus produced? If it once had physical difference (vital form), how was it destroyed—killed? By its own poison—by suicide? No, these particular physical objects make splendid fiction, but very poor science.

Finally, Professor Read has shown us that no particular physical objection exists in Moral Science. And Ritschl has shown us that no particular physical objection existed in Christ, and should therefore not be found in our Christianity. Every Science, in fact, except the science (Philosophy) contained in this book, with the exception of the chapter dealing with Ritschl, who is strictly subjective, discovers an Absolute Physical Unity. Man and not Nature is opposed to God. Nevertheless, M. Boutroux's work is well worth studying, even if it is only for the sake of becoming acquainted with the splendour or majesty of this opposition. It will, however, never bring him (Man) the peace that his soul seeks after.

## SICILY

*Seekers in Sicily.* By ELIZABETH BISLAND and ANNE HOYT. Illustrated. (John Lane, 5s. net.)

"*Seekers in Sicily*" is a pleasantly written book of travels written with a certain charm, and not overlaid with erudition. "The Seekers," Jane and Peripatetica, find it cold in England in February, and go to Sicily to find the spring; or rather, as they put it, to help Demeter find Persephone, in the fields where she is most likely to be found, near the key of Sicily, Euna, "the inexpugnable." From Naples they follow the "Old Way, where the Greeks had gone, where the Romans went, where the Normans rode, where Spaniards and Saracens marched—the line

of the drums and tramplings of not three, but three hundred conquests." They see Taormina, Syracuse, Catania, and Palermo, "the shell of gold"; and after a natural disappointment in the weather—the spring eludes them at first—they see Persephone come home in Euna, and the spring return to the earth in the high places of gods, and the land, though no longer a paradise, "laden with leaves and flowers and waving corn," and having seen it, they passed on through Sicily satisfied. The enthusiasm of Jane and Peripatetica is great, especially for the Greeks. They make the mistake, however, of regarding the Greek temper as one of uninterrupted and calm cheerfulness. Peripatetica is responsible for the poetry of the book, and quotes freely from Matthew Arnold and from Theocritus and the Homeric Hymns, in translation. She may also be counted on to have a tag of verse concealed about her person for use on every possible occasion. It would be interesting to know where the authors get the description they quote of Verres "clad in transparent gauze and Maltese lace" (!) Now and then the authors are a little too colloquial in their style. What horrible phrases are "the sea began to peacock," and "Diana, the arrowy goddess"?

## FICTION

*The Path to Honour.* By SYDNEY GRIER. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

This is a tale of Indian frontier life, and Mr. Grier tells us that "the time was towards the close of the forties of the nineteenth century, and the place the city of Ranjibgarh, capital of the great native state of Granthistan," and also that Granthistan had to be welded into "a prosperous and contented buffer state against encroaching Ethiopia." The instrument of government—the smith who was to do the welding—was Colonel Edmund Antony—"a fanatical upholder of native rights, according to his enemies." With these guides the reader will soon locate himself, and as he realises the character of that "soldier mystic," Colonel Antony, he will be tempted to identify him with almost the greatest of those great ones who welded together the Empire of India, and Antony worked with the support of "two or three of his brothers and a picked band of assistants drawn from the Army and Civil Service." It is with two of these, Lieuts. Bob Gerrard and Hal Charteris, that we chiefly have to do. The story runs its course from scenes of Indian cantonments to life in half-civilised protected states, and back again. Happily the pauses in cantonments are short.

The accounts of the doings of these two young soldiers are always interesting, sometimes thrilling and, when Charteris comes on the scene, bright. These two were bred in the same village—Gerrard the scientific soldier, and Charteris the practical leader. Boyhood friends, the first rock they split on was their love of Honour Cinnamond, the daughter of Sir Arthur Cinnamond (a detestable name which the general does not deserve), who commands at Ranjibgarh, but finally, strange to say, this becomes a strong bond of union between them. Gerrard is sent to look after Maharaja Partab Sing in Agpur, Charteris to the adjoining state of Darwan. Gerrard, the very first day of meeting him, gains the affection and confidence of Partab Sing by saving the life of his favourite six-year-old son, Kharak Sing, who, when fallen from his pony, is charged by a wild boar. Gerrard does not spear the boar, but catches the boy up by passing his spear through his belt (never had a boy a narrower shave of being run through!). On the succession of Kharak Sing the tale hangs, and Gerrard and Kharak's mother, the Rani, are made his guardians. As a support to Gerrard the secret of a wonderful underground treasury is disclosed to him, and the mouth is guarded by two lions with chains just short enough for a man to pass between them. This treasury provides a good scene towards the end, when, by the by, the lions' chains had been lengthened.

Another good scene is when the Rani comes to Gerrard's camp and tells of her boy's murder by his half-brother, Shere Sing, and vows to avenge him, and Rajput, princess as she is, lays down her life most gallantly in her quest. Shere Sing is the name of a real character of the Punjab of those days. Charteris comes to the front in war; the reader must find out who wins in love, and, reading, will be exasperated with Honour Cinnamond. The ladies of the book, except Lady Cinnamond (a charming Spaniard), are all tiresome. The heroine was brought up by two maiden aunts on prunes and prisms seasoned with phrenology. She has a mission, but she doesn't quite know what it is, and her two suitors suffer. Native character is well portrayed. Pertab Sing is an ideal autocrat, with much shrewdness and appreciation of character to temper his ruthlessness. The dialogue is generally weak except where Charteris and James Antony come in, and one is irritated by the number of puns which they indulge in. We can heartily recommend the "Path to Honour" as a book for boys, and above all for boys who are to serve the Empire. They will learn with what difficulties young men strove and conquered in India, in the brave days of old.

*A Mine of Faults.* Translated from the original manuscript by F. W. BAIN. (Parker, Oxford. 3s.)

MR. BAIN'S stories, always "translated" from some unknown original manuscript, are as well known as they are delightful, though why the careful mystification of "translation" is required it is difficult to see. He certainly gets a pleasant effect from the deliberate formality as of a careful rendering of a difficult original, which he introduces as a literary device. "The Mine of Faults" is woman, for the Sanskrit title, according to Mr. Bain, conveys two meanings in one word, being in one sense a poetic synonym of the moon, the maker of eve, the lender of beauty to the dusk, while according to the other it means a mine, or inexhaustible store of blemishes, defects, or faults—a most illuminating double meaning. The story—told by Maheshwara, the god of gods, as he floated in space with his wife Párwati, the lotus-eyed—is of the subjugation of the woman-hater Chand by one of these "Mines of Faults." King Chand believes all women to be as fickle and inconstant and capricious as the wind and "less to be trusted than the cobra." "What is she, linked to man," he asks, "but a load, and, as it were, a fetter or a chain to him, and like a very heavy burden tied to the leg of one running in a race." So he refuses to wed, or, as he prefers to put it, to "plunge into the vat of matrimony," and come out "dyed all over an intolerable blue." But soon he threatens a distant king with invasion. The pacific King Mitra suggests a secret and diplomatic interview, and King Chand is led by the Prime Minister to "a garden, whose air was loaded with the fragrance springing from the jostling spirits of innumerable flowers wandering about at random like *wyabhicháris* looking for their lover, the mountain breeze, out of jealousy lest he should be sporting with their rivals. And on the very brink of that terrace stood a little arbour, almost buried in a bushy clump of trees. And there came from that half-hidden arbour the sound of the humming of innumerable bees, that were hanging like clouds of another kind about the branches that concealed it, and clustering around them like troops of black lovers, struggling for the favour of the snowy blossoms which kept tumbling from their places to lie strewn about the ground like pallid corpses." Who would ever dream of a diplomatic interview in such a place as this? King Chand expects King Mitra's *guru*—his spiritual guide or father confessor—to confer upon the question of the tribute, and the hereditary differences which could only be determined by the personal intervention of the *guru*; but he finds in the arbour the king's beautiful and diplomatic daughter instead. And as a result of the interview, and the policy and tact of the princess, King Chand is no longer a woman-hater. "And the very next

morning King Mitra's capital went, as it were, wild with joy, with smiles in the form of red banners hung from every housetop, and laughter in form of drums beaten in every street, and shouts of victory in every mouth," since all had heard that King Chand was going to marry the king's daughter, and so would the hereditary enemy become a friend.

*Love Besieged.* By CHARLES PEARCE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

"LOVE Besieged" is a plain tale of the Indian Mutiny. Mr. Charles Pearce thinks it well that the memory of the past should not be allowed to die out, and therefore revives our interest in 1857 by a novel, with the Siege of Lucknow as its background. There is no lack of interest in the setting—there is, indeed, a wealth of material in the accounts and descriptions of various survivors of the great siege—but the story itself is upon conventional lines. There is something of the heroine of the *feuilleton* in Mrs. Ross, with "her lithe, sinuous frame, her long, rounded, snake-like arms, her olive complexion, her firmly chiselled lips, just parted sufficiently to show the small, regular, gleaming teeth; her burning, passionately sensuous eyes." Of course, she is a bad character; but the real villain of the piece is Azimoolah Khan, an historical personage, who is mentioned by Captain Mowbray Thomson in the "Story of Cawnpore." "Subtle, intriguing, politic, unscrupulous, and bloodthirsty" (as Thomson writes), "he betrayed no animosity to us until the outburst of the Mutiny, and then he became the presiding genius of the assault of Cawnpore." Thomson was of opinion that the notorious scoundrel, Nana Sahib, was only a tool in the hands of Azimoolah, a man who had been originally a khidmutgar in an Anglo-Indian household. Later he became a teacher in the Cawnpore Government schools and an agent of the Nana. On a mission to England Azimoolah passed himself off as an Indian prince, and during the Mutiny, when Havelock's men cleared out Bithoor, they found "most expressive traces of the success he had obtained in his ambitious pursuit of distinction in England in the shape of letters from titled ladies, couched in the terms of most courteous friendship." Indeed, Thomson, writing in 1859, supposes that the bare mention of Azimoolah's name "will have power sufficient to cause some trepidation and alarm to a few of his fair readers." Nothing is known of the end of this singular man, but Mr. Pearce has endeavoured to supply a solution to the mystery by killing him off in the most satisfactory manner. The story is an exciting one, and well worth reading.

### THE WHITE DOVE

THE melancholy of the Northern Isles never quite ceases to trouble the mind, isolated as it may be, should it care to seek for isolation, among those pillars of black rock that rise from their unquiet seas. There are many to be noted far north—farther north than Caithness or Dunnet, remote even from the mainland of the Orkneys, flat-topped, deeply weathered masses of stone covered in spring and summer, where the thin soil reaches a depth of a few inches, with a cap of deep and sombre green. The sea sucks and swings around their bases, its broad, heaving surface marked by long sinuous patches of foam that gradually lose their outlines in the reflection from the grey skies further out. At times a sigh breathes from the caves that tunnel every portion of that wave-beaten and wind-swept place. The wind blows day and night, sometimes with a mighty strength that sends the heavy Atlantic rollers hurling against the worn and weather-gouged cliffs, a battle of spray and subsiding foam, again with a vague, insistent note in its changing song, swelling as it rushes tumultuously over the sparse fields or whispers round the crofts where the few inhabitants shelter from the inclement skies.

There is one island standing alone and separate among the seas, for a channel of deep water runs in the gulf that

divides it from the mainland, appearing from thence a grey, regularly shaped mass, uprising in solemn strength from the ocean rim. Once upon it, the land is seen to slope downwards from the sea face toward the tilted portions in the middle, and from there one can see the fall of the great westward cliff that looks out towards America. It is called the Cliff of Berray. Even at a distance it impresses with a sense of giddiness and awe. The upper part of the cliff is visible and the sea is hidden by the rise of the land towards it. It is like the edge of the world. The peculiar colour characterising the rock of which the island is composed reaches its greatest intensity on the Cliff of Berray. Almost any stone examined there will show the faint green markings that on the larger rocks run in bands and splashes, and under the leaden skies appear of a livid and unnatural tint. Where the rock crops out between the many ledges these strange markings seem to assume the form of some gigantic puzzle smeared on the face of the rocks. Again the colour is to be seen in the huge stones reared by hands in the ancient past on and behind the crest of the cliff. The sea birds seldom nest there, but mew continuously and call over the edge. It descends almost sheer, and there are ledges and juts of rocks, which are covered with a growth of short, tough grass. The noise of the sea is heard at the foot, a soft and secret murmur. Now the tales that were told many years ago of this cliff are forgotten, and of the ancient people who dwelt on the island the monuments remain, but what they knew of this place or what gifts they flung to the sea from it are all lost stories. The farmers and fishermen are silent, and only because it happened lately do they tell in auspicious moments of what took place at the Cliff of Berray.

To a stranger desirous of arriving at the farm, the islanders would have directed the inquirer with a comprehensive wave of the arm to Standingstones. Over all that part of the island uprise the monoliths, great blocks of whinstone, standing or fallen, mute memorials of the past that lie near the south-west corner over against the cliff and from which the farm takes its name. The tenant and his forbears have held those lands for many years. But even on the farm there were few at this time who glanced over the heads of the silent pillars to the green-capped front of the cliff; for although the island lies far from the large towns and shows little of their incessant change and activity, yet the life of the islanders is not greatly different from the life of the common folk of the cities. What few peculiarities of speech or custom they use are due perhaps to the conditions under which they earn a living. Ordinary as are their days the place of stones seldom appears to them as it has done to some more subtle and sensitive of mind who came to the island from places far to the south, for their work, day by day accomplished, leaves only on the Sabbath a space for meditation and rest. From the gate of the nether field on which a score of tall pillars stand, went, on a Sunday in August, Alister, son of the tenant of Standingstones, and five others, who were all his friends. The group of people took, at first in silence, the path that leads eventually to the verge of the cliff. Before them as they walked could be seen the upper portion of it, strange and inscrutable, the shadow, as it were, of a veil of evil playing on its overhanging brow. Their minds were not altogether free from its influence. The stems of the yet unripe corn impeded their footsteps as they walked, for the harvest in these latitudes is late and the green on the ear lasts far on to the season of the westerly gales that begin in the late fall and continue sometimes without intermission through the black and desolating winter to an inclement spring.

Thoughts, it may be, of the coming winter flitted through Alister's mind as he walked with Elsie, his sister, in the direction of the cliff.

"Tell me," she said, suddenly, "why the birds do not nest on the cliff? See, they are soaring over it just now, but this summer they were all away."

"I cannot tell you," he replied. "Many times I have climbed there, but I have never found a nest; they say

the birds have not lived there since any can remember. Perhaps, though it is so high, too many have climbed it. They are cautious, the sea fowl."

The others of the party followed closely, some conversing in low tones, for it was the day when the folks of the island went soberly from door to door and spoke of serious matters. They were nearing the cliff, and the view of the upper face visible from the interior of the island was hidden on their approach. The path ascended till at the top one could see the broad expanse of water that stretches to the western horizon. But as yet they were not near the edge. Through the thick growth of sea-daisies, whose odour mingled with the salt, pungent smell of the sea wind, they picked their way. Their steps constrained by the narrow path fell in rhythmic succession. Intermittently were heard, hundreds of yards away, the voices of men. Some were going about their crofts, and they themselves spoke quietly as though the far-off beauty of the wind and the day compelled an unwilling silence. The sea lay at their feet.

There was a cry behind them. "Alister, come here! Come and tell us what is this." The girl peered in some trepidation over the verge. They held her by the hand a little nervously. Six hundred feet below was heard the steady murmur of the sea.

"It is a white dove," muttered one of them. "Where has it come from?" He pointed at a ledge some fifty feet down. Alister saw the object, a small blur of white on a dark green ground. There was a faint movement as though it were restless.

"Could you not climb down and capture it?" said Elsie.

She looked at her brother. The party gazed at the white dot until it seemed through the mist of their eyes to quiver again. Directly on the face of the cliff blew the wind and round them grasses and purple sea daisies swayed their heads. Perhaps to the man those grey crags seemed a little sinister and dreary.

It passed through his mind that he had never seen such a huge and terrible steepness as here at the cliff's very edge. Certain of those who came from the southern cities had shuddered at seeing it far inland. There was something monstrous and impending in its contour, something of cruelty in its livid and weather-beaten rocks.

"Strange!" he murmured. "There are no doves on the island except the rock doves, and they are not white: it may not be a white dove."

"Perhaps," said Elsie, "it has flown from far away and is resting; I should like to have it, if it is a dove."

A thought came to his mind. "Go back to the farm," he said; "ask for a rope. Then if you take the rope I will climb down and get the bird."

They looked again over the edge. In the sea two glassy patches of water coiled and unwound between the white spume that marked the sunken rocks at the base. Inward their eyes could perceive the white dot still resting motionless on its ledge of green. There was a tremor of the grass around it as the wind played over the ledges and wavered upon their faces. Sometimes as a heavier breaker than usual swept along the shore, a deeper note swelled in the breeze and died away. Something seemed to be breathing at times, a sound as of some deep expiration rising from the wide silvery expanse of sea.

"There is the rope," said one. Her voice cut the silence like the edge of steel.

Alister started and looked at the group of men and women. Some were regarding him, others lying down were peering at the white dot below. The varied face of the cliff dominated their minds even while their light laughter was flung backwards on the blast and carried far down into the hollow. Slowly he put the rope round his body, then, one of them holding it, he began to descend, feeling for the footing from ledge to ledge. Their eyes were strained on his descending figure clinging to the points of rock or the thick tufts of grass and sea pink. From one ledge to another he dropped.

A cry from Elsie made them turn. "Look! Look!" she cried, "there is no white dove."

They stared past the figure of Alister to the ledge on which their eyes had rested: it was bare and the sea wind ruffled the grass on its surface and tossed it in little waves. Whether their eyes were dim with the salt sea wind or whether the white dove had fluttered off they could not tell.

There was nothing.

They saw the figure drop at last on the ledge and look down. Already he loosed the rope from off his body and bent down his head.

And then suddenly he stood erect—uttered a lamentable cry—flung up his arms and fell backwards—into the sea.

The cry re-echoed in their ears. The sound of the sea grew to a steady singing note. Horror seized on them and they cowered together at the edge, then with a common impulse they fled in groups of two and three from the Cliff of Berray.

\* \* \*

Thus the islanders tell the tale. But should any ask whether went the white dove, or what it signified in the events of that day, they shake their heads and profess ignorance of matters beyond their ken.

## MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES

### PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

(Proceedings at the Meeting held November 26, 1909.)

A PAPER on "The Effective Resistance and Inductance of a Helical Coil" was read by Dr. J. W. Nicholson. This paper deals with a determination of the effective resistance and inductance of a helical coil of great length, composed of thin wire, wound on a cylinder whose radius is large in comparison with that of the wire. The pitch of the winding is not small, so that the problem cannot be treated by the method of Cohen. The method employed depends upon the use of a type of "helical co-ordinates" defining the position of any point, and of the general theorem relating to orthogonal systems of co-ordinates. A solution is obtained for the internal and external forces, corresponding to a given impressed electromotive force, in the form of a Fourier series of which only the initial terms require calculation. The value of the effective current across any section is obtained, and thence the inductance and resistance. The results are of simple character, and are expressed in general in terms of the ber and bei functions of Lord Kelvin, whose results for a straight wire appear as a limiting case. Certain particular cases are worked out in detail and formulae obtained in terms of elementary functions which are suitable for a very high or a low frequency. Their necessary limitations are also examined numerically. For a high frequency, it is found that the change of self-inductance due to twisting of the wire tends to vanish, and that the change of resistance tends towards a value independent of the frequency.

Dr. Russell stated that the author's paper was most instructive and that he had done excellent pioneering mathematical work. This paper contained the first published attempt to get a solution of the very difficult problem of finding the effective resistance and inductance of a helical coil when traversed by high frequency currents. Previously only cylindrical current-sheets had been considered. He pointed out that, in the particular case when the wire was very thin, an approximate value of the inductance could be found by counting the linkages of the magnetic lines of force with the helical current. Even when the coil was of finite length this presented no great difficulty. In the author's problem, however, the wire was of finite thickness and so the difficulties to be overcome were much greater. He considered that the author's solutions would prove very helpful to other workers in electromagnetic theory.

A paper entitled "Ductile Materials Under Combined Stress" was read by Mr. W. A. Scoble. The author further considers the results from some earlier tests made on mild steel bars,  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch diameter, and 30 inches effective length, under combined bending and torsion. It is pointed out that the

yield-point is usually selected as the criterion of strength, because it is more easily determined than the elastic limit, it is less affected by special treatment of the material, and it is assumed that the failure of Hooke's Law between the elastic limit and the yield-point is due to local yielding. The elastic limit is the correct point, and is used throughout because the intermediate state mentioned above does not appear in bending. The results of tests on steel and copper tubes under combined bending and torsion are also given. All the results indicate that the maximum stress and maximum strain laws do not apply to ductile materials. The stress difference or shear stress law is approximately true, but there is, in each case, a deviation from the law which is opposed to the other theories mentioned. The deviations from the shear stress law are considered. In an earlier paper the author suggested a formula for combined bending and torsion which allows for the fact that the bending moment is always greater than the torque. The internal friction hypothesis was also shown to be untenable. The three laws are now expressed in terms of the principal stresses,  $P_1$ ,  $P_2$ , and  $P_3$ , of which  $P_1$  is the greatest, and  $P_3$  is the least. Guest's experiments proved that  $P_2$  does not appreciably affect the failure of a material. The maximum stress law states that  $P_1 = \text{constant}$ ; the maximum strain theory that  $P_1 - \lambda P_3 = \text{constant}$ , in which  $\lambda$  is Poisson's Ratio; and the stress difference or shear stress hypothesis is expressed in the form  $P_1 - P_3 = \text{constant}$ . In the general equation  $P_1 - mP_3 = \text{constant}$ , the value of "m" indicates which law is most nearly true for the material. The author's tests appear to be the only experiments in which bending was adopted, and for these the values of "m" are 1.57, 1.37, 1.26. The figures apply to different materials, but are all greater than unity.

A paper on "The Sun's Motion with Respect to the  $\text{\textcircumflex} \text{Aether}$ ," by Dr. C. V. Burton, was taken as read. Notwithstanding the well-known "principle of relativity," it is theoretically possible to determine the motion of the solar system with respect to the  $\text{\textcircumflex} \text{aether}$  from observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites; and the possibility was indicated by Maxwell some thirty years ago. For convenience, the motion of the  $\text{\textcircumflex} \text{aether}$  with respect to the sun may be called a wind, and the method proposed is based on the consideration that the tidings of an eclipse will travel towards us more rapidly when the Jovian system is to windward of us than when it is to leeward. The residual discrepancies between the observed and calculated times of eclipses have to be analysed for systematic differences depending on the direction in space of the straight line drawn from the earth to Jupiter, and formulae are given for finding by the method of least squares the most probable value of  $a$ ,  $b$ ,  $c$ , the components of the sun's velocity with respect to the  $\text{\textcircumflex} \text{aether}$ . The material available is to be found in Prof. R. A. Sampson's discussion of the Harvard photometric eclipse-observations; about 330 eclipses of Jupiter's satellite I being included. In order to obtain a preliminary notion of the accuracy to be expected, a simplified system has been considered in which (for one thing) the eccentricity of the orbits was virtually neglected; and it appears that some advantage is to be gained by taking the plane of Jupiter's orbit, rather than the ecliptic, as one of the co-ordinate planes. The axis of  $x$  is drawn from the sun's centre through the node of Jupiter's orbit, the axis of  $y$  lying also in that orbit, and the axis of  $z$  being perpendicular thereto. Taking 4.5 seconds as the "probable" discrepancy between theory and observation for a single eclipse, the following preliminary estimates are obtained:—

Probable error in  $a = 43.6$  km. per second.  
 " "  $b = 45.6$  " "  
 " "  $c = 10,000$  " "

The determination of the component perpendicular to Jupiter's orbit is perhaps too badly conditioned to be worth considering; the two components in the plane of Jupiter's orbit can be much better computed, and even if the velocities found do not exceed the probable limits of error, an upper limit to the numerical values of those components can be assigned.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE HYPOCRISY OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR.—The French Revolution is a page in the world's history that is unforgettable by reason of its tremendous influences in shaping the subsequent destinies of the nations of Europe. To France it is at once a nightmare and a dream, for ever haunting the soul of Gaul, and even now rousing in the heart of the Patriot frenzied shudders and exquisite thrills! The tocsin is silent; the cry of "Ca ira!" no longer grates on the ears of the sensitive Parisian as he sips his vermouth in the cafés of the Gay City. O! Desmoulins and "people's friend" Marat, if you could revisit these earthly scenes, where would you look for the Friends of the Constitution, for "the impassioned, dull-droning Patriotic eloquence" that you loved so well? In the bombast of M. Clemenceau, the dialectics of M. Briand, and the sophistries of M. Jaurès, even you, Jacobins as you were, would realise what a hollow mockery and sham this third Republic has become!

Carlyle wrote:—"The Jacobins are buried; but their work is not; it continues making the tour of the world as it can." It has certainly toured to some purpose, making sporadic appearances in England, where, let us be thankful, it has not as yet become an epidemic.

What is France to-day? A moribund nation, governed by a despotic and atheistic bureaucracy, by ministers who preach the specious cant of Republicanism; who proclaim "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" from the house-tops whilst pillaging the goods of the Church; who starve the immortal souls of little children, and who boast openly and unashamedly of having extinguished the lights of Heaven. A sorry picture this, of the scoundrelism of the French Republic. The wealthy bourgeoisie of to-day supersedes the *ancien régime* of yesterday, and lives luxuriously under the protecting aegis of the Republic, one and indivisible; unperturbed it passes to and fro amid the symbolic paraphernalia of Revolutionism, Streets of Liberty, Elysian Fields, and all those other localities and places emblematically named to propitiate the fatuous vainglory of a revolution-loving people. Sometimes the equilibrium of the bourgeoisie is momentarily disturbed; a bomb is thrown at the Presidential carriage, and for a brief space painted cheeks become pallid with a terrible dread in the presence of Anarchy, grim-visaged, and gaunt of aspect. "The President is safe, away with the assassin!" Then all is as it was before, but the weeping of the mothers, the cries of the famished children, and the curses of the men are forever ascending from the fetid hovels of the toilers' hell. "How long, O Lord! shall this bondage endure under the sacred banners of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity? When shall this mockery cease?" Yet what does a Chamber of paid deputies care for the social conditions of the French poor, for sweated operatives, ill-remunerated and badly fed conscripts? Your French deputy lives for the *joie de vivre*, intrigue, and political chicanery; he has no thought to give to the moral and social amelioration of the submerged classes; that is a matter, in his view, best left to the Departments, or, better still, to M. Lépine, whose methods with a discontented proletariat are so unfailingly successful!

The process of dechristianising France commends itself to every cynical Republican, because in Christianity is discerned the most formidable enemy to Jacobinism; to government by cant and flamboyant rhetoric. The crusade against the Church, which so many English journals have applauded with such intolerable gusto, is neither more nor less than ruthless onslaught upon the fabric of Christianity. Anti-Clericalism connotes Anti-Christianity, and it is felt to be a wiser policy, figuratively speaking, to rend the clerical limb from limb, than to hurl puerile anathema at the Majestic Person of Christ Himself. We must bear in mind that if the Roman Catholic Church is subverted in France, the country will be dechristianised. Protestantism will never make appreciable headway in France; its system of ethics, its doctrinal elasticity, and its simple ritual are alien to the Latin temperament. Nonconformists who have been so loud in their praises of the persecutions of the French Church should consider dispassionately the underlying motives of the Republic in their outrageous conduct towards the established religion of the French nation. The Clergy, as a whole, have been consistently loyal to the Republic, and moreover, unduly subservient to the penalising ordinances of a Government, hostile from its very inception towards the Church. That there have been certain clericals with avowed preferences in favour of a Royalist Constitution does not justify the savage and vindictive attitude which has characterised the religious policies of successive Republican statesmen, from Gambetta downwards to Clemenceau. Imagine the outcry in England if the next

Conservative Government sought to penalise Baptists because of "Doctor" Clifford's antagonism to the House of Lords!

The Catholics in France are only asking to-day for impartial treatment. If the Government orders the teaching in the schools to be absolutely neutral so far as religion is concerned, Catholics are perfectly prepared to abide by such an arrangement, but they object (and we think most rightly) to a system of education professedly and ostensibly neutral, but substantially and practically agnostic and antichristian. To feed the souls of innocent children on materialistic pabulum is a crime horrible enough in itself; it becomes trebly infamous when rates and taxes are demanded from Christian parents in support of this inequitable system of so-called laic education.

The policy of the Republic for the last decade has been one of incessant persecution of religion. With such a policy consistently placed in the forefront of the legislative programme, the Republic has succeeded in procrastinating other and more inexpedient reforms—inexpedient because of the bourgeoisie's horror of socialistic legislation. At last, however, the spoils of the Church are gathered into the capacious maw of the Government. Anti-clerical shibboleths are at a discount, and behold the querulousness of the Extreme Left becomes the problem of the hour! A small party, the Unified Socialists, furthermore, a party with a programme—therefore to be feared. Of what use to a Government is a majority, if there be no longer any mirage of fictitious hopes to blind the eyes of the electorate to the arid reality of unfulfilled promises? Wherefore the insidious machinations of Deputy Jaurès strike terror to the heart of the Republic. For the Unified Socialists have a definite propaganda, comprising, amongst other things, State control of railways, minerals, internationalism, and universal disarmament; these wild theories find glib utterance in the Chamber, through the oracular medium of Deputy Jaurès, much to the embarrassment of avowedly Socialistic Ministers. What a pitiful spectacle is this huge majority of Radical-Socialists, emasculated through fear of a compact minority! What a tragic confession of impotency, when a Prime Minister receives a deputation of Post Office malcontents in the face of the law declaring confederations of Civil servants to be illegal! The Jacobins are in pretty pickle when Government servants can defy the law with impunity, can make the Republic, one and indivisible, a laughing-stock to all Europe—a sham and a farce.

The Unified Socialists, together with the Labour Confederations, are the sworn enemies of the Government to-day, and one cannot gloss over the fact that at no far distant date their influence among the workers will constitute a serious menace to the internal peace of France. The voice of French democracy has grievous ways of making itself heard—tricks learnt at the time of the Revolution, and unhappily not forgotten. Of what avail M. Lépine and his mounted police against the horde of sans-culottic denizens of Paris goaded on to deeds of madness by the same old revolutionary fury, the same rabid worship of abstract formulas and meaningless symbolism, the same unlimited faith in the godless banalities of ignorant fanatics? Of what avail M. Lépine against such as these? The insurrectionist atavism of the Patriot is proverbial.

There are other pressing problems besetting the path of the Republic—questions which it will be unable to defer much longer. There is the income tax reform, the scheme for the nationalisation of railways, and transcending everything else in importance, the reorganisation of the Army and Navy. It is common knowledge now that both naval and military affairs were culpably mismanaged by those egregious tools of M. Combes, General André and M. Pelletan. If the thunder of German artillery should again be heard outside the purlieus of Paris, who shall measure the extent of such a disaster to France? If the portents of the times can be read aright, the moment is at hand when the Republic will be weighed in the balance and found wanting. How shall her servants, denuded of the tinsel habiliments of Patriotism, make answer to the charges in an indictment drawn up and presented to them by an outraged populace? The mask will be torn aside, revealing the hidden tergiversation of the Republican masqueraders.

Some part of France is still sound, still strives to emulate amid much that is sordid the higher ideals of purer times and would, if opportunity arose, be responsive to the clarion call of an inspired leader—a giant with the genius of a Mirabeau and the rectitude of a Lafayette. Men of this stamp France has always followed, and will continue to follow, if such be strong in purpose, dauntless in action, and imbued with that stern spirit of resolution which brooks no hindrances, but ever presses forward to the goal of its ultimate desire. Unfortunately for France, she is yet steeped in the tradition of the Revolution. "It was to make an end of revolutions, tumults, and the dog-days," said Camille Desmoulins, in all the fervour of intrepid youth, but what with revolutions, counter-revolutions, and *coup d'état*, the end seems to be postponed to an indefinite period of time. There are some who deserv in the thirty-nine years' existence of the Third Republic the final estab-

lishment of the Republican form of government; they forget, however, that for some forty years there has been a dearth of constructive statesmen in France, and that during this scarcity, the small fry germinating at the time of the Commune have developed politically out of all proportion to their inceptive importance. Journalists, lawyers, axe-grinders, time-servers—these are the people to-day controlling the destinies of the Gallic race, with such supreme disregard for the terrible lessons of the past, promising all things, fulfilling none; sowing corruption, preaching materialism, annihilating Christianity, devastating the Church, exploiting the Jews, attitudinising as Patriots; and in all these varied rôles, consistently pursuing a policy of hypocrisy and cant. We might well exclaim, "Oh, the pity of it!" when we reflect what France has meant to the world in literature and art; she has given of her best so much that has been for its good, so much that will remain when all else which went to build up her greatness has passed away! The soul of France is sick unto death with the Pharisaical turpitude of the third Republic; moreover is apprehensive, alarmed, and distrustful. The Republican polity is regarded by many as a necessary evil to be endured, because there is no other substitute for it. There are the Royalists, but how shall the Monarchy be resuscitated; who is to revivify it? There lies the problem. Given the right man, and those who now swear allegiance to the tricolour will become wearers of the white cockade; so docile are the French under a virile leadership. Better far the Empire again than the demagogic rule of the accused Jacobin!

ARTHUR O'CONNOR, JUNR.

#### VOX STELLARUM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY for November 20, 1909, and in an article, "Vox Stellarum," the remarkable English soothsayer is given credit for having predicted the Great Fire in London, September 2, 1666, with such remarkable accuracy as to endanger his own head. As there seems to be a vein of humour running through the composition, I am inclined to take "remarkable accuracy" as ironically expressed. Should I be wrong in my conclusions, I offer your readers, in all humility, some of the little knowledge gathered and to hand regarding some of the doings of a Mr. Lilly, the Leicestershire Prophet, to enable them to judge for themselves the accuracy of this gentleman's predictive results and influencing methods.

William Goodwin informs us that Lilly, in the year 1666,<sup>1</sup> was summoned before a Committee of the House of Commons on the frivolous ground that, in his "Monarchy or No Monarchy," published fifteen years before, he had introduced sixteen plates,<sup>2</sup> representing persons digging graves, with coffins and other emblems significative of mortality, and, in the thirteenth, a city in flames. He was asked whether these things referred to the late Plague and Fire of London. Lilly replied in a manner to intimate that they did; but he ingeniously confessed that he had not known in what year they would happen. He said that he had given these emblematical representations without any comment, and that those that were competent might apprehend their meaning, while the rest of the world remained in ignorance which was their appointed portion.

Zadkiel<sup>3</sup> corroborates this statement in a chapter dealing with the personal history of Lilly, the clever astrologer, and in which he gives Lilly's own version of the statements made to the Committee. A careful perusal of these written presentations will disclose to any person with ordinary intellectual abilities how the artfulness of astrological predictions is veiled, and results (probable) carefully thought out for the ignorant and vulgar, yet so manifest to the wise, others than those steeped in astrology.

So much for Lilly's cleverness in mundane astrology. Let us see how he is thought to have fared in genethliacal astrology. Zadkiel<sup>4</sup> deprecates Lilly's works in this branch of the pseudoscience, telling us that:—"All the host of English astrologers, such as Lilly, Colley, Sibyl, Gadbury, White, etc. (Partridge excepted), were immersed in error when they treated on nativities: they embraced the follies of the Arabian astrologers, which consisted in mixing up the system of divination, called horary questions, with the genethliacal art, or the science of nativities; and those who open any of their works only lose their time." Of course, you are asked to study Zadkiel's work on this branch of astrology.

In coming to that branch of astrology designated Horary

<sup>1</sup> "Lives of the Necromancers," pp. 431-2. Published by F. J. Mason, 444, West Strand, London. 1834.

<sup>2</sup> A copy of the plate said to refer to the Great Fire can be found in Zadkiel's "Lilly's Astrology" facing p. 235. Published by George Bell and Son. 1904.

<sup>3</sup> Ibid., pp. 7 to 10.

<sup>4</sup> Ibid. See Zadkiel's "Grammar of Astrology," pp. 354-5.

Astrology, and defined by A. J. Pearce<sup>5</sup> (Zadkiel 2nd) as consisting of divination by means of the planets, and which "is only applicable to affairs of the greatest moment and at times of the deepest anxiety, and to the moment of occurrence of events concerning the querent," (page 149) how these moments of deepest anxiety can be accurately deciphered is a puzzle, no doubt, for the querent. However, both Zadkiels praise Lilly's achievements in horary astrology; the departed Zadkiel went so far as to challenge astrology's adversaries (I dare presume he really meant astrologers' adversaries, as other astrologers in some cases deem them), who "Stoop to laughter, the only argument of the idiot and the ready resource of the ignorant," to contest the results and truth of horary astrology by application, simply because of Lilly's and his *confrères*' success, and without the aid of Uranus and Neptune, malefics on the whole.

One short passage will enable the reader to sum up Lilly's qualifications in a manner I am sure will prove not very gratifying to his supporters or the supporters of his system. A. J. Pearce says<sup>6</sup>:—"The confident statements of Lilly and his *confrères* as to the reliability of horary astrology are really wonderful. They applied it alike to the most momentous and the most trivial affairs. The horary astrologer, without the slightest acquaintance with anatomy, physiology, and pathology, took upon himself to decide where doctors disagreed, and to diagnose the nature of an obscure disease which had baffled the wisest physicians." Wonderful indeed! Very difficult to understand how extraordinary results could occur under such conditions, by devils or otherwise.

Here we shall come across a very weak point in astrology. Mr. A. J. Pearce<sup>7</sup> says:—"Figures drawn for the commencement of a 'ship's' 'voyage' are unreliable; for many vessels set sail at or very near the same moment, yet some arrive safely at their destination and make remunerative voyages, while others meet with misfortune and losses." The same writer also points out that Lilly stated<sup>8</sup>: "that if in a figure taken for the beginning of a serious illness the testimonies agree," your judgment "as to the nature of the disease will be infallible." *Infallible*, a splendid word from an egotist. Now, it is rather unfortunate for astrologers that statistics and an accurate method of registration of sailings prevent one from claiming infallibility for his accepted system, whereas the difficulty of obtaining anything like a correct record of the "beginning of serious illness" assists some astrologers to vapour about infallibility. Without mixing the doings and sayings of Lilly with those of others, surely educated modern astrologers are not so blind as to see a condition of things, apart from stellar influences, clearly in the light of our present knowledge, which make people not only laugh at them, but condemn them as impostors.

AN ANTI-ASTROLOGER.

#### THE RESURRECTION OF JUDGMENT."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Savage's comments on the review of his book which appeared in THE ACADEMY issue of December 4, are hardly relevant to the question of critical propriety. They amount, not to any defence or protest against injustice, unfairness, or incapacity, but to a complementary apology for the other "ideal apology," which is the fundamental or constructive feature of his book. On no basis of true criticism, with all due respect to the *Oxford Chronicle* or any other self-styled critical journal, can his work be held to have any universal and therefore "common sense" value, and failing in such a form, it behoved the true critic to make this fact plain. For without such a universal ground of critical distinction, criticism falls short of its essential qualities, and becomes, as it were, a ground for the mere verbal contest of opinion, instead of a ground for the establishment or conservation of truth or fact.

The review, as Mr. Savage himself admits, paid due respect to the author's feelings, since there was "a spicie of benevolence about the criticism," and if the "sting" of its hard and fast justice could not be wholly "mitigated," the fault lies not with the critic, who refuses to accept "historical statements" for "common sense statements," but with the author, who, though he happens to be told that his ideas are old and, as far as science or truth is concerned, absolutely false if religiously eloquent and idealistic, looks for and expects unmerited commendation. But the matter assumes ludicrous form when, because of the very exactness or immanence of the criticism, the poor critic is libelled as being a "transcendentalist" the author, as a matter of course, being a practical or sound logician.

<sup>5</sup> "Science of the Stars," p. 126. Published by W. Foulsham and Co., 49, Pilgrim Street, London.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* p. 131.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* p. 137.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* p. 132.

Thus, science, because it happens to be incomprehensible to our expert logician, he styles as existing "in nubibus," but metaphysics, because it happens to be in a sense his own, he styles as existing on "terra firma."

As a matter of very serious fact, no period of human history needed the purifying and disillusioning power of a sound and legitimate criticism more than our own period does, since the confusion, which has always had some kind of profound critical adjustment, threatens at the present day to become so intense as to carry us to the verge of absolute lunacy. We are not, as before, helped and sustained by great ideas (genius being fatuously ignored—treated with contempt), but we are struggling for very life and existence against small and mediocre ideas—against vulgarity and bestial mechanicalism—against an ignorant inrush of blind and impotent collectivism. Hence the need—a crying need—for thorough and sound criticism, if we are going to keep our heads.

As to his mention of the word "abuse," Mr. Savage is surely not justified in applying such a term to a journal of such critical purity as THE ACADEMY? An impersonal basis of criticism is never guilty of such a thing, whilst the personal note of criticism is always guilty of it, whether it be in pleasant or unpleasant form.

"If you cannot argue, live!" says Phillips Brooks.

It might likewise be said, "If you have no fundamental knowledge and fundamental principles, do not attempt to expound them."

God works us; we do not, as the world seems to think today, work Him.

THE REVIEWER.

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